



A New Order for the Ages



100 8 7

Chapter 1 by Anticitizen One

"It's the dawn of a new age!" he bellowed to the crowd. The vast, seemingly endless sea of smiling faces screamed and applauded in hearty approval at his statement. "We've shown them what lengths we're willing to go to for freedom!" he screamed. The multitude convulsed and gesticulated, indicating overwhelming approbation.

He absorbed the grand panorama at his disposal from his exalted podium. At least three million loyal supporters, some flourishing pennants and banners, some bouncing with excitement, all there for him, were packed into the square, hanging on his every word and esurient for more.

Chapter 2 by Strawberrychan17



As he concluded his speech, he felt a sense of satisfaction. Who could possibly oppose him now? Where were his enemies now?

Then- out of nowhere- came a cry. A peasant girl, no older than twenty, was screaming from behind the stage. As she was pushing her way through the crowd- he caught sight of her face.

Smudges of dirt on a soft face hardened by pain. What might have once been dark brown curls of hair were now tangles tied back into a cloth. Had she fallen in the mud?

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Her dark blue eyes shot him a glance that granted him the knowledge he had feared. He knew her.

Chapter 3 by Benslacks



He knew her as he knew himself. It was his other half, the healthy chunk of his mind. His thoughts careened wildly from plotting an attempt to escape to reasoning with this haggard and furious force, steadily and rapidly closing the distance between them.

Her hands balled into fists of iron, lean arms sinuous and shaking with fury. He managed to open his mouth in to stammer what may have turned into a plea, but was cut forever out of his mouth by a blow of shocking speed and strength for someone of her size. The sky wheeled over his head, spinning sickeningly as his body collapsed loosely against the polished marble of the podium.

She stood only an arms reach away from him, he had accepted now that there would be no plea, no escape. The copper stink of blood overwhelmed his senses. He could see the grime from the city streets on her bare feet. His thoughts curled through his mind like smoke; How could he have let this happen? He was supposed to be powerful! What followed stung through the haze clouding his thoughts like a spear of ice: he must be more cautious next time.

Chapter 4 by Strawberrychan17



Oddly enough- as soon as the girl had appeared- she was gone. Vanishing into thin air as some might say.

The wounded man was left bleeding a thin crimson waterfall over the sharp edges of the podium. Men were shouting and women and children could be heard gasping or crying. Doing what he could to compose himself, the man blindly stumbled off the stage and was helped into the back of a nearby cart that hastily wheeled away from the prying eyes of the crowd.

The next twenty-four hours left the man in a senseless state of deep sleep.

When the pain sustained from his injuries managed to pound his head awake, he found himself in a recumbent position on what felt like a cold, hard floor.

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When he tried moving his hands- he realized he had been clutching onto something tightly. Something she had given him.

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